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The New London song-book

London

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THE

NEW LONDON

SONG-BOOK.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE NEW LONDON SONG-BOOK.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair;
I've treasur'd it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell,—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's home, I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest pray'r,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled:
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it,
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,

'The world is wide in lands beside—
There's room enough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And ev'ry furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small:
The world is wide in lands beside,—
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

Which are the laziest fish in the sea?—Oysters, because they are always found in beds.

THE SONG OF THE SCAFFOLD.

HARK to the clinking of hammers,
Hark to the driving of nails,—
The men are erecting a scaffold
In one of her Majesty's jails.
A life, human life's to be taken,
Which the crowd and the hangman hail;
Oh, the men are erecting a scaffold
Inside of her Majesty's jail!

'Tis midnight, without its deep silence,—
The doom'd wretch in agony moans;
But the clattering still of their hammers
Is drowning the poor victim's groans.
The chaplain now earnestly prayeth
To the God of all mercy for him;
But his mind on his misery stayeth,
For his cup is full up to the brim.

The good man is still o'er him bending,
And trying to teach him to pray;
For the last night on earth is now ending,
And the moments fly quickly away.
But the clinking still of these hammers,
And the driving in of the nails;—
Oh, how can he bear it with patience?
Can we wonder his reason fails?

'Oh, pray while you may to your Maker,
His mercy, not justice implore,'
Said the priest, while hot tears fill'd his eyelids,
And his chok'd voice could utter no more.
'You ask me to pray,' said the felon,
'But no one e'er show'd me the way,
'Tis too late, 'tis too late now to teach me,—
I can't understand what you say.'

Hush! hark! for the death-bell is tolling!
The gallows at last is in view!
The pris'ner, pale, ghastly, and sinking,
To the chaplain has wav'd an adieu.
His frame now with agony quivers,
His strong breast how wildly it heaves!
His hands, oh, how closely they're pinion'd!
The hangman himself almost grieves.

Hush! for the death-bell is tolling,
Dragoons with drawn swords are below;
And the pris'ner appears to be praying,—
'Tis a scene of heart-anguish and woe.
There are crowds in the street, men and women;
The war-steeds are prancing about;
The windows are throng'd with spectators;
Hark! a buz, and a move, and a shout!

The rope round his neck is adjusted,
(Man's vengeance, how fearful thou art!)
His head now is cover'd, and horror
Strikes every man to the heart.
The dread bolt is drawn! he is plunging
In air—what a horrible tale!
His soul has been borne to its maker,
His corpse taken back to the jail!

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

WOULDST know, my lad, why ev'ry tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes,
And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
To fetch, from climates near and far
Her messes and her gear.

For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms;
For this, when safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
For breakfast, out at sea,
Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
Encount'ring many a boist'rous gale,—
For the sugar to some western isle,
To China for the tea.
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms;
While grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
To see her lightly tread;
Her petticoat, of orient hue,
And snow-white gown, in India grew;
Her bosom Barcelona hides,
Leghorn adorns her head.
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop:—
'I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,
'Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?'

Cried Jack, 'You lubber, don't you know
Our passions close to reef?
To steer where honour points the prow,

To hand a friend relief:
These anchors get but in your pow'r,
My life for 't that's your sort;
The bow'r, the sheet, and the best bow'r,
Shall bring you up in port.'

'Why then you're out, and there's an end,'
Tom cried out, blunt and rough:—
'Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough:
Who swabs his brow at others' woe,
That tar's for me your sort;
His vessel right a-head shall go,
To find a joyful port.

'Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,—
Why, dam'me! what's my own distress?—
For others let me feel:
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heav'n, this is your sort,—
A handkerchief's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.'

YORK, YOU'RE WANTED.

From York I com'd to get a place,
And travell'd to this town, sir;
In Holborn I an office found,
Of credit and renown, sir.
Says I, 'Pray, sir, get me a place:'
Says he, 'Your pray'r is granted;
And when I meet with one that suits,
I'll tell you, 'York, you're wanted.'

A gentleman soon hir'd me—
I found he was a gambler;
Says he, 'I want a steady lad.'
Says I, 'Sir, I'm no rambler:
But if you want a knowing one,
By few am I supplanted.'
'O! that is just the thing,' says he,—
'So, Mr. York, you're wanted.'

Now I knew somewhat of a horse,
And master, just the same, sir;
And if we did not do the fools,
Ecod! we'd been to blame, sir,
At races then we both look'd out,
For cash each bosom panted;
And when we thought the flats would bite,
The word was, 'York, you're wanted.'

A maiden lady, you must know,
Just sixty-three years old, sir,
Did fall in love with my sweet face,
And I with her sweet gold, sir;
She said, the little god of love
Her tender bosom haunted:—
'Dear sir, I almost blush to own,
But, Mr. York, you're wanted.'

In wedlock's joys, you need not doubt,
Most happily I roll'd, sir;
And how we lov'd, or how we fought,
It shall not now be told, sir;
For Mister Death stepp'd in one day,
And swift his dart he planted:
I wiped my eyes, and thank'd my stars
'Twas Mistress York he wanted.

So, ladies, pray now guard your hearts,
A secret while I tell O!
A widower with half a plum
Must needs be a rich fellow,
With fifty thousand pounds, I think
I ought not to be daunted;
Some lovely girl I hope, ere long,
Will say, 'Sweet York, you're wanted!'

JACK ROBINSON.

The perils and the dangers of the voyage past,
And the ship at Portsmouth arriv'd at last,
The sails all furl'd, and the anchor cast,
And the happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson.
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,

Besides prizemoney quite a store;
And along with the crew he went a shore,
As kswain to the boat, did Jack Robinson.
Tol lol de rol, de lol de rol, de lol de rol.

He met with a man and said, 'I say,
Mayhap you may know one Polly Gray;
She lives somewhere hereabout.' The man said, 'Nay,
I do not indeed,' to Jack Robinson.
Says Jack to him, 'I have left my ship,
And all my messmates giv'n the slip,—
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip,
For you're a civil fellow,' says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house then they both sat down,
And talk'd of admirals of high renown,
And drank as much grog as cost half-a-crown,
This here strange man and Jack Robinson.
Then Jack call'd out the reck'ning to pay;
The landlady came in, in fine array;—
'My eyes and limbs, if here arn't Polly Gray!
Who'd a thought of meeting here?' says Jack Robinson.

The landlady stagger'd back against the wall,
And said at first she did not know him at all:
'Shiver me,' says Jack, 'why here's a pretty squall!
Dam me, don't you know me? I'm Jack Robinson.'
'Don't you know this handkerchief you gave to me?
'Twas three years ago—before I went to sea;
Ev'ry day I look'd at it, and then I thought of thee;
Upon my soul I did,' says Jack Robinson.

Says the lady, says she, 'I have chang'd my state;'
'Why, you don't mean,' says Jack, 'that you have got a mate!
You know you promis'd me;' says she, 'I could not wait!
For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson.
And somebody one day came to me and said,
That somebody else had somewhere read,
In some newspaper, as how you were dead.'—
'I've not been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson.

Then he turn'd his quid and finish'd his glass,
And hitch'd up his trowsers—'Alas! alas!
That ever I should live to be made such an ass,
To be bilk'd by a woman,' says Jack Robinson.
'But to fret and stew about it much is all in vain;
I'll get a ship and go to Holland, France, or Spain;
No matter where; but to Portsmouth I'll never come again;'
And he was off before they could say Jack Robinson.

DOCTOR BROWN.

THERE'S no one knows me now,
O crikey! I'm so worn down,
Since I've liv'd with a man nam'd Mikey, Vile Doctor Brown.
I once were fat, there's no denial,
But since I've gone to him on trial,
I've grown as thin as a two-ounce vial.
O! Doctor Brown.

I'll tell you how my master serves me;
O! Dr. Brown.
He makes me work, and almost starves me,
O! Dr. Brown.
For he often says, with much elocution,
Hard work, light food, and good resolution,
Are best for every constitution.
O! Dr. Brown.

I sometimes think, (the Lord forgive one,)
That Dr. Brown
Tries how little a poor boy can live on,
O! Dr. Brown.
Cold boiled potatoes, and sour small beer;
Would any of you like that there here?
For my part, it makes me feel very queer—
O! Dr. Brown.

I've often thought it is the object
Of Dr. Brown
To make me a skeleton, or a subject.
O! Dr. Brown.
Sometimes he cries, with wild emotion,
That he'll give me a finishing potion;—
So I think I've given you a pretty good notion
Of Dr. Brown.

THE DISMISSED.

THE wing on my spirit is broken,
The day-star of hope has declin'd;
For a month not a word have I spoken,
That's either polite or refin'd.
My mind's like the sky in bad weather,
When mist-clouds around us are curl'd;
And, viewing myself altogether,
I'm the veriest wretch in the world!
I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
But why, tell me why, did she kick me down stairs.

I wander about like a vagrant—
I spend half my time in the street,
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet:
My dress, too, is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow;
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.
I suppose she was right, &c.

At home I'm an object of horror
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me;
The ladies cry, 'Bless us, look there!'
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.
I suppose she was right, &c.

One says, 'He's a victim to Cupid,'—
Another, 'His conduct's too bad,'—
A third, 'He is awfully stupid,'—
A forth, 'He is perfectly mad!'
And then I am watch'd like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife;—
By heaven! no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!
I suppose she was right, &c.

I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope,
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
A razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat;
But to die with a bullet is cruel,—
Besides, 'twould be breaking the law.
I suppose she was right, &c.

Yet one way remains—to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care;
But drown—O! the thought makes me shiver!
A terrible death, I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again,
I suppose she was right, &c.

WERRY RIDICULOUS.

YOU'VE heard Mr. Nicholas, say of his Julia,
There was summut about her so werry pekooliar;
But I wish, being now in the answering way,
To his features I might a like compliment pay.
He was short, and snub-nosed, and a himperant fellow;
And his teeth as the glove on his hand were as yellow:
When he grinned, what a Bull-and-Mouth jaw had young Nicholas!
Not only disgusting, but werry ridiculous.

He tells you the fact, how we met at a ball,
Or he was my partner, or have none at all!
But, lauks! I was hurt at his being polite,—
He thought me an angel,—I thought him a fright!
If I lisp'd him a question,—now, wasn't it shocking?—
He lisp'd me an answer, as if he were mocking;
I blush'd, and he thought it was love, did young Nicholas;—
'Twas but at his dancing, so werry ridiculous.

Ye Gods! only judge of my woe, when to dance
He bowing and scraping one night did advance,
With Woolley wou dancer? by which he did mean,
Will you be my partner? O! judge of the scene!
The wretch had approach'd me—it really was shocking—
In black tights that ended in black cotton stockings.
My heart was too hurt to reprove Mr. Nicholas,
Though his conduct, you'll own, was monstrous ridiculous.

I rose from my seat, and bade him depart,
With a look that ought soon to have broken his heart;
But still he presisted, and said 'Ah! provoker,
You don't mean to dance with young Balls the Pawnbroker?'
'I've pledged myself to him,' said I, 'for the night—
He capers in nankeens and stockings of white,
While you—O! disgusting!—away, Mr. Nicholas,
Your magpie-like legs are so werry ridiculous!'

I danc'd all the night, and I flirted my fan,
With young Mr. Balls, the dear delicate man.
As dancing I'm fond of, I think you'll agree,
That Balls was by far the best partner for me,
So I'm married to Balls, because Nic was a bore,
And we've plenty of Balls, besides three on the door:
To his pining and lisping I've left Mr. Nicholas—
His horrid black breeches were far too ridiculous.

PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.

When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
And for England's own self thro' the seas I did plow,
For four long days I was toss'd up and down,
Like a quid of chewed hay in the throat of a cow.
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, sir,
I clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, sir,
Round about the big post that grows out of the ship, sir;—
O! I never thought more to sing Langolee.

Thus standing stock-still all the while I was moving,
Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight,
Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving—
When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light;
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The first step I took, I was in such a totter,
That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water,
'O! there was no time to sing Langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
I thought the best way to catch each in good humour
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul.
So I went to a house where roast meat they provide, sir,
With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spied, sir,
Which grinds all their smoke into powder besides, sir:
'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches
That set sail for London each night in the week,
To whom I obnoxiously paid my approaches,
As a berth aboard one I was come for to seek:—
But as for the inside, I'd not cash in my casket;
Says I, 'With your leave, I make bold, sir, to ask it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the basket?
For there I can ride, and sing Langolee.'

When making his mouth up, 'The basket, says he,
'Goes after the coach a full hour or two:'
'Very well, sir,' says I, 'that's the thing then for me, sir;'
But the devil a word that he told me was true.
For though one went before, and the other behind, sir,
They set off, cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time, sir;
So the same day at night I set out by moonshine, sir,
All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O! long life to the moon, for a brave, noble creature,
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark;
While the sun only shines in the day, which, by nature,
Needs no light at all, as you all may remark.
But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be bound, sir,
It would save the whole nation a great many pounds, sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all
the year round, sir,
Or I'll never sing more about Lan-
golee.

MARY, MARY, LIST AWAKE.

MARY, dear Mary, list! awake!
And now, like the moon, thy slumbers
break.
There is not a taper and scarcely a
sound
To be seen or be heard in the cot-
tages round:
The watch-dog is silent, thy father
sleeps;
But love, like the breeze, to thy
window creeps.
The moonlight seems list'ning all
over the land
To the whispers of angels, of angels
like thee:
O! lift up a moment the sash with
thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love Mary!

Gently awake, and gently rise,—
O! for a kiss to unclose thine eyes!
The vapour of sleep should fly softly
the while
As the breath on thy looking-glass
breaks at thy smile;
And then I would whisper thee never
to fear,
For Heav'n is all round thee when
true love is near.
Just under the woodbine, dear Mary,
I stand
Still looking and list'ning for thee;—
O! lift, for a moment, the sash with
thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love Mary!

Hark! do I see thee? Yes, 'tis thou;
And now there's my hand, and I hear
thee now:
Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal
stream,
For thy face, love, is bath'd in the
moonlight gleam:
And, O! could my kisses like stream-
circles rise,
To dip in thy dimples, and spread
round thine eyes!
And O! to be lost, in a night such as
this,
In the arms of an angel like thee!
Nay, stay but a moment—one mo-
ment of bliss,
And smile but forgiveness to me,
My love Mary!

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs,—
Thy voice just comes on the soft air,
and dies,
Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have
gaz'd, as I rove,
Till I thought it has breath'd Heaven's
blessing on love;—
Till I've stretch'd out my arms, and
my tears have begun,
And nature, and Heaven, and thou
seem'd but one.
Adieu, my sweet Mary; the moon 's
in the west,
And the leaves shine with tear-drops
like thee;
So draw in thy charms, and betake
thee to rest,
O! thou dearer than life to me.
My love Mary!

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor
boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me
awake;
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on
my tree;—
Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles
sweetly on me.

Softly tapping at eve to her window
I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud
scolded the dame;

'For shame, silly Lightfoot, what is it to thee,
Tho' the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?'

'Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn;
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
When the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the ale-house still claims the great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holyday play,
And meek as a matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of noble degree,
Is the Maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

WERY PEKOOLIAR, OR THE LISPING LOVER.

HAVE you ever been in love? if you hav'nt I have—
To the little god, Koopid, I've been a great thlave;
He thot at my buthom a quiver of harrows,
Like naughty boys thoot at cockrobins and thparrows.
My heart was as pure as the white alabather,
Till Koopid my buthom weak did overmather;
Ye gods only know how I lov'd one Mith Julia,
There was something about her so werry pekooliar.

We met first at a ball, where our hands did entwine,
And I did squeedge her finger and she did squeedge mine;
To be my next partner I wentur'd to preth her,
And I found that she lithp'd when she answer'd me 'Yeth, thir.'
Now, in lithping, I think, there is something uncommon—
I love, in pertikler, a lithp in a ooman:
I'm sure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith Julia,
There was something about it so werry pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,
And then in her eye there was something pekooliar;
Speaking wolumes, it darted each glance to one's marrow,
As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow.
A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added wigor;—
A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure,
But not so the catht in the eye of Mith Julia,—
There was something about it so werry pekooliar.

Good friends were we thoon, and midst thmiles and midst tears,
I courted her nearly for three or four years;
I took her to plays and to balls—oh, ye powers!
How thweetly and thwiftly did then path away the hours!
But once—oh, e'en now, I my feelings can't thmother—
She danced all the evening along with another;—
I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
But I couldn't help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar.

I went next day to thcold; when she,
to my heart's core,
Cut up my requethting I'd come there
no more:
And I thould be affronted if longer I
tarried,
For next week to another she was to
be married.
'Gods! Julia,' said I, 'why! you do
not thay tho?'
'Yeth, but I do, thir, and you'd better
go.'
'Well, I thall go; but, thurely you'll
own it, Mith Julia,
Your behaviour to me hath been we-
ry pekooliar.'

SPOKEN.] Wery pekooliar, wery pekooliar, indeed, Mith.
Ah! from that day to this, I have never theen Julia;
Her behaviour to me, though, was wery pekooliar.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

O WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn?
I ance had ane his marrow,
Wha shone out like a heav'nly starn,
Amid my night o' sorrow.
Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,
An' o' his sweets envy ye;
For my poor heart, sae sad an' lane,
Grows glad when I come nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,
Wi' yellow ringlets flowing;
But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,
Sweet flow'rets o'er him growing.
When his dear father joined the blest,
I fain wad hae gane wi' him;
But that sweet child clung to my
breast,
I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My boy he grew, he better grew,
Nae marrow had he growin,'
Till ae snell blast, that on us blew,
Set my sweet bud a-dowin.'

But aye as dow'd the outward rind,
The core it grew the dearer;
An' aye as his frail body dwin'd,
His mind it shone the clearer.

O bright, bright shone his sparklin'
e'e,
His cheek the pillow pressing;
He cast his last sad glance on me,
"Sweet mother, hae my blessing."
Then, oh! the childless heart forgie,
That canna but envy ye;
For still that e'e seems fix'd on me,
While thus I linger by ye.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

FAR down beside our own sweet river,
Far, far away;
There's where my heart is turning
ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down, with heart sad
swelling,
Lonely I roam;
Still longing for my childhood's
dwelling,
And for the old folks at home.
All the world seems dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! how my heart is sad and weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Then many happy days I squander'd,
Many the songs I sung;
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.
All the world, &c.

One little cot among the bushes,
One that I love;
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming,
All round the comb?

When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?
All the world, &c.

GLENGARRY.

My bark is now upon the wave,
That bears me from thy happy dwelling;
I reckless hear the loud winds rave,
And see the white foam wildly swelling,
Though fate has forced me from thine arms,
My truth shall never, never vary;
I'll think on thee, and a' the charms
O bonnie, bonnie, green Glengarry.
I'll think on thee, &c.

Let Lowland maids in silken sheen,
Outshine the brightly blooming Flora;
Gie me, in tartan plaid, at e'en,
My own, my bonnie Highland Nora,
For thee I've climed the mountains' height,
And roam'd their rocky summits airy;
For aye thy smile could cheer the night,
In bonnie, bonnie, green Glengarry.
For aye thy smile could, &c.

ENGLAND THE ANCHOR AND HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Undaunted in peril and foremost in danger,
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend,
The guard of the weak and support of the stranger,
To oppression a foe and to freedom a friend,
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
Since Anarchy first her red banners unfurl'd,
Still firm as her own native rock in the ocean,
Stood England the anchor and hope of the world.

From that shore our Sidney with spirit defeated
The Corsican chief, who at Acre assail'd;
From that soil whence the foe inglorious retreated,
Where Freedom has flourish'd and Tyranny fail'd.
From the banks of the Rhine with exulting emotion,
Where Liberty's hand retribution has hurl'd;—
We turn to our own native rock in the ocean,
To England the anchor and hope of the world.

Sweetest spot on the earth, where true honour combining,
With justice and truth gives a strength to the whole,
Where the rosebud of beauty, with valour entwining,
Exalteth the heart and enlargeth the soul!
O! land of my birth! yet shall peace be thy portion,
And thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd,
And still shalt thou stand, lovely rock in the ocean,
The anchor of Europe, the hope of the world.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sail'd in a wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.
Oh, blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom was white as the
hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd while the veering flaw
did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,—
'I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
Last night the moon had a golden
ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.
Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paus'd, like a
frighten'd steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.
'Come hither, come hither, my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'
He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's
coat,
Against the struggling blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church bells
ring,
O say, what may it be?'
''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'
And he steer'd for the open sea.
'O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot
live
In such an angry sea!'
'O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?'
But the father answer'd never a
word—
A frozen corse was he!

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turn'd to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the
glist'ning snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.
Then the maiden clasp'd her hands
and pray'd,
That saved she might be:
And she thought of Christ, who still'd
the waves
On the lake of Galilee.
And fast through the midnight dark
and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and
snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel
swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's
Woe!

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept her
crew
Like icicles from her deck.
She struck where the white and
fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gor'd her
sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull.
Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in
ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of ice she stove and
sank:
'Ho! ho!' the breakers roar'd!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ, save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measur'd beat, and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice—

It sounds so like her mother's voice,
Singing now in Paradise,
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the cold grave she lies,
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lessons thou hast taught.
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shap'd
Each burning deed and thought.

BEN BOLT.

O DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard of the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.
In the old churchyard, &c.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest wav'd,
Grow grass and the golden grain,
In the old churchyard, &c.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were school-mates then—
There are only you and I.
In the old churchyard, &c.

There's a change in the things that I lov'd, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
That there never was change in you:
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.
In the old churchyard, &c.

THE KEEPSAKE.

On a fine summer's day, as "The Cavalier" lay
At his length in the green wood shade,
A pretty page boy, with a face full of joy,
Came cantering up the glade.
One moment he stopped, a packet he dropped,
Then off like an arrow he flew;
And the cavalier found there was left on the ground
A small case with a small *billet-doux*.

The note was not long, it was dated "Hong-Kong,"
Short and sweet as a letter should be;
There was sketched in the middle a youth with a fiddle,
And under them "fiddle-de-dee."
He turned it about, "Meant for me, I've no doubt—
Some contemptible rival, that's plain;
If I knew who it was I would cudgel him—poz;
He should not be so pleasant again."

He read on—thus it ran, "Much misguided young man,
To suppose that for night after night
Merely twangling guitars, tink a tink to the stars,
A lady thy love would requite;
Still it's hard to be told, when you've sang in the cold
That you're not to have any reward;
So this *billet* I've penned, and along with it send
Just a trifle to show my regard."

Joy, conceit, and suprise, flashed at once from his eyes,
As he cried out aloud as above;
"Tra la la," caroll'd he, "I half thought so—it's she,
It's a hint to return to my love."
He twitched his cravat, gave a tap on his hat,
Then sank on the grass in a swoon;
For, on opening the case, he beheld his own face,
Looking woefully long in a spoon!

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